THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1291.

Original Poem.

THE DESOLATED HOMESTEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The home-scene where childhood revelled
In the noblest gems of truth,
And the purest spirit dwelled,
With the earliest bent of youth,
Where the fairest flowers of feeling
Were tended at their birth
And unwearied watchings given
To the germs of heavenly worth,

Was visited at dusk fall
By a solitary traveller,
Who paused at the gateway
And privately determined
That God'd'd dwelling
Should not be longer passed
Without a visit from him.

He found the mansion deserted,
And grimly decaying.
The grass was rank in the yard,
The garden was overgrown,
The fruit trees were barren,
The vines were withered,
The fences were broken down,
The shutters were closed,
The doors were locked,
And the whole place
Was desolate and forlorn.

He climbed the old familiar hill
That formed a summer retreat,
And leaning on the window
Looked down upon the scene
From the old thirsting chair,
He mused and he mused,
And he wept as he mused,
As the heartbeats of the humble
Might have done,
The memories of his boyhood
Were all awakened thereby,
And the coldness of affection
That loomed around its ruin,
The highly prized treasures
That glimmered on its walls,
Were the light of sweet communion
From ghostly eyes that falls.

We are told but in the spring-time,
The leaves are withered,
Yet the wing of devastation,
Has never touched the trees;
The bower that bloomed our childhood
Is still the fairest scene,
And still the sweetest flowers
Are blooming at its door.
The fragrance of the jessamine
Is wafted on the air,
And the odor of lasting star,
Is breathed from everywhere,
Nature's loveliness is there,
Yet the desolated homestead,
And its solitary chair,
Have a language whose expressing
No strings may not command.

Centre Ohio, March, 1846. FLORIO

Original Tales.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

"Here, Jos," said Mr. Limerick Podge, to his nephew, a youth of twenty, who was stretched at full length upon a bench in the piazza, puffing a cigar and perusing the last chapters of Paul Clifford; "here, Jos, come in—I want to speak with you."

"Very well, sir—presently," responded Jos, in a tone of indolent disregard, and as he removed the cigar from his lips, emitted a graceful cloud of smoke, and resumed his book. Half an hour elapsed, words having finished the cigar and the novel, he arose and repaired to Mr. Podge's office, where he found that gentleman engaged at his writing-desk.

"Well, Uncle Lim," he said, stretching himself, and yawning, after having stood some minutes, without any intimation that his presence was noticed, "what have you got to say to me?"

Mr. Podge shook down the ashes from himself upon the stool, placed his same shinbox, and elevating his eyebrows, regarded his nephew with a look of such unusual severity as entirely to astonish the latter personage, who, seating himself, set Mr. Podge very abruptly demanded—

"Sir, what were you at last?"

"Well, really, Uncle Lim," returned Jos, "I don't know."

"I know you did, then!"

The hopeful nephew, opened his eyes with astonishment, and Mr. Podge continued—

"I repeat, sir, it's time you did know. Not but that you are perfectly welcome to my house so long as I have any, but you are aware, sir, that you cannot have me to provide for you always, and even if you could, the idle fun you lead is not justifiable."

"Very true, sir; I doubt I'll go to New York."

"As good a place as you could select. I made my fortune there. But what do you expect to do when you get there?"

"Be a merchant's clerk—I don't know anything else I'm capable of."

"Well, when will you start?"

"To-morrow."

"You needn't be in so great a hurry. However, that sounds business like. Desperate is the most of trade; so, go and make money."

The next morning, Mr. Joseph Linton, having made the necessary arrangements for his journey, presented himself at Mr. Podge's office, for a short interview. Mr. Podge received him with something less than his wonted severity of manner, and at the same time the stage started, and feeling that it wanted yet some minutes of the time back how he would, whilst he remained in the more refined circles of city life, that might be of service to him. The nephew answered himself all attention, and Mr. Podge thus addressed him:

"New York, Jos, is a great city, and for a man to get along there respectably, one of two things is indispensable—plenty of money, or else what is the best substitute for it, plenty of brass. As to money, you have none, and I have but little to give you, but the last I can, I believe, a most abundant quantity of the substance in you, by an extraordinary quantity of the substitute."

"Ah, uncle, you grow excessively complimentary," interrupted Jos.

"Not at all," continued Mr. Podge; "you may make your comments when I have done. As I was saying, you have sufficient brass, and I'll tell you how to work it to the best advantage. You must make a figure—every thing depends upon appearances. You must dress in the style, board at a fashionable house, promenade the Astor side of Broadway, attend the gothic churches, and the Park theatre, and be an extravagant admirer of the Italian opera. You must seek only the best society, I mean the aristocratic—and to insure yourself a good footing in the first circles, it will be necessary to affect some airs distogue, which I cannot exactly teach you, but which you may easily catch from a little observation. Call young ladies whose papers are rated at less than fifty thousand dollars—down fact—but let your absurdities be proportioned to every thousand. You must affect to despise wealth, but be respectful to those who have it. You may also occasionally hint of large expectations from your uncle Uncle Podge; although, to tell you the truth, my estate is so encumbered that I doubt whether I shall even be able to leave my own children anything. If you follow these instructions, sir, you will be able to carry off an heiress, and your fortune will be made. I shall expect to hear, and pay to your personal appearance is pretty fair, I know nothing that should prevent your doing them well."

Jos' acute his grateful acknowledgments, promised to obey instructions to the letter, and Mr. Podge then continued—

"Here, sir, are letters that will secure you a checking house, and here is a draft for a hundred dollars, which will be sufficient to take you to New York. There is the stage—no thanks, sir—be off!" And Mr. Limerick Podge, of Podge-ville, Connecticut at Law, with the remaining 2 nights that he had in the world, turned his back upon his nephew by pointing out to him the road to fortune, complacently resumed his writing, while Joseph Linton, in a dreamy sort of manner wheels with six genuine Nonsian attached, was rumbled and pulled over bad roads towards the scene of his future career.

Arrived in New York, Jos found quarters in a genteel boarding house on Broadway, which pleased his fancy. He succeeded in obtaining a clerkship, with a salary of ten hundred dollars, and agreeably to his uncle's advice, commenced the study of it in seeking for a figure. He dressed extravagantly, and affected as many airs as a foreign Count. In short he became an exquisite of the first water.

Six months had elapsed, when Mr. Linton, one evening, upon taking his seat at the tea-table, found himself by the side of a young stranger, whose appearance did not seem to please him, for after regarding him a moment, he curled his head with a supercilious curl of the upper lip, and commenced silently conveying his tea as expeditiously to his lips as possible. The stranger upon whom this mark of disapprobation was bestowed, appeared to be about one and twenty, with raw-boned features which, though not by any means handsome, were an expression of frankness and simple good nature, which could have been repulsive to none but such an "exquisite" as Mr. Linton. Perhaps his attire, which was plain and even coarse, detracted something in Linton's eyes from his respectability, and certainly his manners—he conveyed his food to his mouth with the knife, and drank his tea from the saucer—indicated any thing but the refinement of a polished circle. In fact, his whole deportment exhibited the grossness of a backwoods youth upon his first entree into city society.

"Sir," said he to Linton, with some difference of tone, "I'll trouble you for that cranberry sauce at your elbow."

"Waiter! hand me the mustard!" exclaimed Linton, without appearing to hear the stranger's remark, he politely handed the mustard, and repeated his request for the cranberry sauce.

"Do you wish it for the maize?" was Linton's fierce retort, as he pushed back the mustard. A servant, at the time, passed with a waiter-full of dishes, at his office, and the stranger colored with confusion, but made no reply.

After the portion of the company betook themselves to the parlors, the stranger youth among the rest. As he passed through the hall, he stopped to look at a fine painting that hung there, and as he proceeded him had let fall. Linton at that moment approached, and extending his hand said, in rather a commanding tone—

"I'll take that handkerchief to the lady, sir!"

"Oh, no," replied Bob Willis, (it is time we had given the stranger's name,) in a tone which good natured drollery rendered none the less cutting; "oh, no—I can't spoil every servant's occupation in the senior again." And, followed by the clangored exquisite he entered the parlor, where, with intuitive perception, he selected the most unlikely of the ever, who received it with an affable acknowledgment, and readily entered into a conversation with him.

Emily Bradford was the daughter of a Southern Judge of some eminence, and was reputed a fortune. Beautiful, accomplished, and frank,—could any be more loaster wish for better game? Linton thought not, and with his usual politic coolness, he noted the most fastening mark of regard a woman can bestow, a one the withholding of which is most apt to effect a lover. The truth was, that while she treated Linton as a lover, she esteemed Willis as a brother, a circumstance which was the more especially encouraging to the former from a secret dislike he had ever entertained for Willis. But that he did not give him that cause, they were on good terms, and though he had a right to expect, was his own, jeott; for although he could make himself sufficiently entertaining, when his interest favor was shrewdly suspected by the doctors that he could not help it. Then came an investigation of his affairs, which resulted in the development of the great swap-bubble of a speculation which had been gotten up with borrowed capital, and after a career of forty per centum had carried off the estate in their clutches, Mr. Linton found himself the inheritor of a small cottage, three pair of spiggots, a dull cider, and an iron-topped walking stick—to say nothing of sundry old coats with greasy collars, napless hats, and threadbare overpowders.

He will not attempt to journey the unutterable anguish of Jos's disappointment, the awful reflections he must have undergone, but will merely say that after a few days' reflection, he seized his pen in return; nor, further, how he withdrew beneath the withering sarcasm of Bob Willis, and quitted Limerick, who refused to have any further intercourse with the beggared nephew, whom his own advice had helped into the present dilemma. Suffice it, that the perfumed and bewhiskied exquisite who strutted upon as a fortune-hunter upon the dollar of Broadway, has retired from the scene, and in a retailer of small wares upon the sixpenny side of the Bowery, where, after the tapping of the counter, he may be seen, with his sleeves rolled up in the evening, by the gracious permission of his amiable wife, reading the newspaper and basking the baby.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

THE ROYAL GALLERY—VENUS DE MEDICI —PITTIAN—ANDREA DEL SARTO—RAPHAEL'S ST. JOHN—THE FORNARINA—GUERCINO'S SYBIL AND ENDYMION—DRUNKEN BACCHUS OF MICHAEL ANGELO—HALL OF NIOBE—ANTIQUITIES—FOR TRAITS OF THE PAINTERS.

Florence, September 6, 1845.

Our first walk in Florence was to the Royal Gallery—we wished to see the "golden living in stone" without delay. Crossing the neighboring square, we passed the Loggia, which contains a colossal statue of David, and an open gallery containing, besides some antiques, the masterpieces of Giovanni Bologna, who formed the taste of all the artists of his age, and whose influence is, we, with the reader, as rarely conjectured.

At length, one bright April morning, my young couple ascended to Gerlian, where I re-resumed his clerkship, and made up his mind to wait patiently until the fruit which was ripening for him, should have its little bite varnishing month; or, in other words, until Mr. John T. V. Nelson, in the course of events, having gathered his million, should himself be gathered to his fathers, leaving his hopeful pensioner free to squander the fortune he might have amassed.

In the meantime, Bob Willis, whose society our hero found not at being low for its lowhead of the daughter of the prospective millionaire, had married her, and was now comfortably settled down at an eight-by-ten office in Canal Street, and by patient application to his profession was gradually accumulating a competency. Linton, in the meantime, had settled himself at the old style of his native Penguin. Moreover he has shown him self so great, that now every dash of his pencil is carefully treasured.

Let me not forget, while we are in this peerless hall, to show you Guercino's Sanian Sybil. "It is a glorious work. With her hands clasped over her volume, she is looking up with a face full of deep and expressive sadness. A picturesque turban is on her head, and bands of pearls gleam amidst her rich, dark brown tresses. Her face bears the softness of dawning womanhood, and nearly answers to the Italian ideal of beauty. The young man agrees with Guercino in thinking that so lovely a Sybil must possess charms far more potent than a winning and withering leg. The same artist has also left one picture here—a sleeping Endymion. He is represented as a young man asleep, with his head on his hand, and his crook beside him. The latter consist of blue, fleecy clouds, and the whole picture, conceived, for a heathen shepherd has never been seen since that of King Admetus went back to drive his chariot in the heavens.

But of I have been keeping you so long in the Tribune, we shall have to barely glance at the other halls, nearly every one of which might afford material for a chapter. Besides the number of paintings by Italian masters, there are rooms appropriated to the Germ, Flemish and French schools, two halls filled with the portraits of artists, painted by themselves, a collection of gems, and sculptures, vases and bronzes without number. This gallery occupies the whole third story of the Uffizi, extending along both sides of the streets, and across the end facing on the Arno.

A long gallery runs around these three sides, outside of the halls, and is entirely filled with busts of the emperors, ancient and modern. It would be useless to attempt enumerating these, and I can only mention the most valuable. The "Drunken Bacchus" of Michael Angelo is greatly admired, and indeed it might pass for a picture of the pulmonic time of Grecian art. The face, amid its half-vacant sensual expression, shows traces of its immortal origin, and there is still an air of dignity preserved in the swagger of his beautiful form. It is in a wood, and several sides of a drunken god. It may be doubted whether the artist's talents might not have been employed better than in assembling intoxication. Another represented Bacchus as he really is—a drinking monster—it might be more beneficial to the mind, though less beautiful in the eye. However, this is a question on which artists and moralists will never agree.

At one end of the gallery is a fine copy in mar ble of the Laocoon, by Bandinelli, one of the rivals of Michael Angelo. When it was finished, the sculptor boasted it was better than the original, to which Michael made the apt reply "It is foolish for those who walk in the footsteps of others to say they go before them!" On each side of it are statues by Donatello, one of the earliest modern sculptors, and the teacher, I believe, of Michael Angelo. They are very interesting, beside their intrinsic value, as illustrating the commencement of the revival of art. I must not forget to mention an amusing burlesque on the Laocoon, being an old monkey and two young ones in the coils of a huge snake.

Let us enter the hall of Niobe. One starts on seeing the many figures in the attitude of flight, but they seem not to have any object to escape from or upbraids. At the head of the room stands the affected sculptor, bending over the young daughter who clings to her knees, with an upturned countenance of deep and imploring agony. In vain! the shafts of Apollo fall thick, and she will soon be childless. No wonder the strength of that was depicted on her countenance should change her into stone. One of her sons—a beautiful, boyish form, is lying on his back, just expiring, with the still tongues of death creeping over his limbs. The countenance of one, a young girl, is turned upward with a pleading expression, as, true and touching, as if she were almost like nature. In a chamber at her side, is kept the head of a lion, made by Michael Angelo, at the age of fourteen, in the garden of Lorenzo de Medici, from a piece of marble given him by the workmen.

Two other halls are filled with antiques, among which are many Roman and Greek busts. There is one of Seneca's with an ugly features as ever a man wore, and another of Plato, said to have been found in the grounds of Academus. Also the Etruscan Venus, two beautiful torsos of fauns, the celebrated hermaphrodite sleeping on a lion's skin, and an exquisite group of Cupid and Psyche. The latter likewise arranging the sprawling, is a remarkable thing in the little frame can be seen the muscles of the great. It is owing to many of these glorious old works, I am at last obliged to confess—what are all readers with so much reluctance—the supremacy of the ancients to the moderns in this noble art. Will they ever be equalled?—let us hope to.

In the rooms of the Venitian school, there are some fine heads by Titian, and his celebrated Flora, a half-length picture of a young woman, exceedingly beautiful and with a modest expression which his faces not always have. The flesh of Barocci is always filled with painters, copying the splendid paintings it contains. In the centre stands the largest mosaic table in existence. It required the labor of twenty-two men for twenty-six years, to complete it. The most delicate shades of leaves and flowers are imitated in the natural color of the gem in such an exquisite manner, that I found my facility of admiration entirely insufficient to the full enjoyment of it.

The portraits of the painters are more than usually interesting. Every countenance is full of character. There is the pale, enthusiastic face of Raphael, the manly figure of Titian, the majesty and dignity of Leonardo da Vinci, and the frankness and beauty of Angelica Kauffman. I timed how the wild and romantic head of Raphael Mengs. In one of the rooms there is a portrait of Alfieri, with an autograph letter of his own on the back of it. This letter, in which he lived and died, is on the north bank of the Arno, near the Ponte Carraja, and his palace now is Santa Croce.

The hall of bronzes was locked up, and I have not yet been able to see it. It will take a month at least to become familiar with this magnificent gallery, and there is besides that of the Palazzo Pitti, still richer in paintings! After all, duly examined, the hours of one day should be allotted to each. I have been in the rooms, "but let me again say however."

"Harry," my copy is nearly filled—the hour of retribution is at hand—I will teach her a lesson."

Frank Bellmont was an officer in the United States navy, and had just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean. He was handsome, had a most excellent heart, and if not a profound scholar, was a gentleman, and possessed of a fine, clear olive complexion, dark brown hair, and exquisitely turned up mustache. He was very fond of Harry, and as he said, "was what the girls call—a love of a man." On his most man we will enlarge, merely premising that he had called to see Harry, and after which, like his nature had given him a boundless share of vanity. Here for the first of his possessing, at the same time, a sufficient quantity of "filthy lucre" might have gone to softening the ladies in his favor we know not, but certain it is, in presence of one, he gained quite a reputation as "lady-killer," without being once unpleasantly reminded that he possessed at most a fragment of a heart. "I was strange, I was passing strange," so said the ladies, that his twenty-eighth birth-day found him still happily free and disengaged.

"I will teach this saucy baby what it is to misbehave!" my wife," was the thought that occupied the mind of our hero, as he wended his way to the house of Mrs. Wetford. "I will teach her a lesson, that she will remember the longest day she lives. Declare she is some part, forward miss, with a baby face, full of self-importance, and impertinent airs, with a dash of coquetry, and a considerable share of what heads she will become a mere plaything; I will like her to please with an air that she'll not forget in a thousand years. I'll teach her that she has a heart's content, then repeat all her seductive affairs—place the ridiculous poems or her character in the most ludicrous light, and then triumphantly leave her with my wit until, in the agony of her spirit, she cries for mercy." Here the unhappy-ended, for he had reached the house of Mrs. Wetford, and opened out a continual flood of the richest and most delightful music, which proceeded from the parlor. He was taken with interest. What wonder that the eyes of Frank Belmont' flashed with a brighter brilliancy, as he heard the sweet tones of Harry, and it nearly why he knelt for the door that rushed from the house.

The next day the reason so recently accepted by our hero, were found vacated, and upon inquiry, Harry ascertained that he had been ordered with a squadron bound to the Mediterranean.

Salmagundi.

AN IRISH LETTER.

Tullymacnelaney, Parish of Ballymagget, near Ballyshackaghery, Jan. 23, 1846.

Dear Sir—Understanding your cousin Jim is taken home the last time I wrote to you, because he have married from our former place of living and I didn't know how to direct to him, I take the liberty to write you a few lines, hoping you are in the same way, and will pleasure take up my pen to inform you of the death of your own uncle Kilgarrick, who died on the 17th inst. after a short illness of only six months. The poor man was in violent convulsion the whole time of her sickness, lying perfectly quite and speechless, till the whole time of her sickness, lying perfectly quite and speechless, till the whole time of her sickness, lying perfectly quite and speechless, till

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Mr. K. Y. Jamieson, assistant of Mr. C. W. Janes, our agent, is now collecting in Illinois, and will wait upon those of our subscribers in arrears. We hope they may be prepared for his coming. Mr. Janes will not be accompanied by Mr. G. W. Reeves, who is also an assistant of Mr. Janes, and will devote his time to procuring subscribers in the East." We ask for them a hearty welcome.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is gratifying to hear from all sections of the country, that the prospects for the harvest during the coming season, is most encouraging. Manufactures and commerce certainly increase the power of a nation, and they should accordingly be cherished as part of a people's high blood; but after all, agricultural is the first ingredient of a nation's happiness, wealth, safety, and that republic or empire, in which the majority of the inhabitants till the soil, is, in the long run, the most prosperous one.

There is something in the quiet of a farmer's life conducive alike to long life and ease of mind. The agricultural is subject to some of the endless annoyances of fortune, which, in large cities, place men to-day on the top of the wheel, and to-morrow consign them to the bottom. Included in his quiet home—save at least of a subsistence, come what may—and engaged in vigorous and social exercise for the whole year round, the agriculturalist, though possessing less of the splendid superfluities of life than his town neighbor, has within his control much more of the elements of real prosperity and happiness.

The Foreign News again occupies a considerable space in our paper this week. The intelligence is important. The insurrection in Poland, whose origin is still involved in the greatest obscurity, has once flashed some any evidently great issue. It would seem that this result was extensively organized, and affected Prussian and Austrian as well as Russian Poland, the object of the insurrectionists being to establish a new and powerful kingdom out of the fragments of ancient Poland. The breaking out of the revolt was premature, else there might have been a prospect of success. An intelligent correspondent, writing for one of our city papers from Antwerp, thinks that if the Poles could have made head against their enemies for six weeks, at its expiration a free force would have arisen on the part of Germany and France.

The Irish war, too, has been brought to a close, the English having gained a decisive victory and struck a tribute on the Irish country. The loss on the part both of the English and Sikhs shows how lastly the battle-field was contested.

An editor, also! on a sensible object! Sick no mail, indeed, in Jonathan, he must, nevertheless, be a trembling hand and throbbing heart. If there should be any short comings in our paper this week, our friends will have due charity for us!

RURAL CEMETERIES.

The taste for rural cemeteries, we are gratified to see, is on the increase. Both health and beauty forbid the further existence of unsightly grave yards in cities. Who would not rather be buried in the open fields and in the open country, than under the most magnificent of a crowded and dusty tomb? It is almost one of the rural burial grounds of our great cities; and fear of them equal our own at Laurel Hill, in Intelligence. These remarks we have given chiefly as an excuse for quoting the following sweet poem, which we find in the Inquirer of this city:

LAUREL HILL.

In the low lidos of the dead,
I love to while away the hours,
To wander slow, and coldly tread,
Among the grave, the trees, and flowers
Nor Schuylkill's waves come rippling by,
Like laughing rivers, for gentler they,
And gently kiss the bottom-crop,
In mystery and sorrow flow.

Here Spring puts on its loveliest smile,
And wild birds sing their sweetest song,
The heart can sorrow be beguiled,
Oh, I could linger all day long;
Yet, all is quiet, sweet, and holy,
With song of bird, and murmuring wave,
To soothe the heart, and make it woo
The fresh'ning whispered tone of grace
Oh! must I die? here and the thought,
While o'er my loveliness around,
To fall asleep, and be forgot,
And moulder in the cold damp ground?
How serenely fair seems the lands the rivers,
The roots that nourish from the soil;
Must be so, " For dust does art.
And unto dust shall turn decay."

Well might the heavy heart despair,
If this were all that met the ear,
But lo, the heart may leap, for there
Are other voices whisper low
Inspiring from the soft green sod,
Telling of immortality to those
They smile, and say, there is a home,
Call on to life, and peace to Heaven.

CATS KILLED BY RATS.

Probably few of our readers have ever especially seen one at least. To those who have not considered none close the distinction in between tenancy and ownership and that, therefore, somewhat in the antipathy with the fell tiger, and the sanguinary panther and leopard the propensities will appear extraordinary, nevertheless it is true. Of all animals the dog alone will attack a much superior enemy and fight against odds. The cat had even when kindly, never attack where they are not sure of possessing superior force.

A very singular incident of the cowardice of the latter occurred lately in London. At a place called Rock hole, Westminster, on the margin of the Thames, a dreadful rat caught a large cat. After a million of an eccentric turn of mind, he took into his head that he could from the animal to fight its natural enemy for sport, and to that end he set to work on several kittens, in order to give it confidence, as well as to make it sport for joey, and at the same time, allowing it an liquid her milk, for the purpose of strengthening it. After he had thus carried on for a fortnight he purposed that it would fight as many cats as it could, at that it never was, stupefying, on return, that the person whom he had chosen as the subject of the sport of a dog refused on that day a full grown cat, but one to the rat in a rat, in which the rat had been previously put for the express purpose and could not hurt the rat. No less than fifteen cats were one after another, set on in vain, but this animal on which right and wrong had seemed to dead. A account was thankfully set at it. This being broken and stronger than the rat and its poor antagonist being exhausted with so many hard fought battles, had better success than its fifteen predecessors, and killed the rat, not, however, until after a severe round of fighting.

THE MISSOURI WRECK.

The Secretary of the Navy has made a contract with Captain George N. Taylor, the American extinguished and sea-faction explorer man, to proceed with his powerful apparatus to Gibraltar for the purpose of raising the steamship Missouri.

HEALTHY CHILDREN.

If every child were, from the first, nourished with pure, healthy milk unorganized by inserting and evening additions daily and by pure air to breathe, how few indeed would suffer from disease.

MR. SLIDELL'S RETURN.

The steamship Alabama arrived at New Orleans on the 7th instant, having on the morning of that day left in with the United States steamship Mississippi, at the Balize, having on board our Minister, the Hon. J. Slidell; Wm. S. Parker, Esq., Secretary of Legation; and Robert Stuart, Midshipman U. S. Navy. The Mississippi had Yera Cruz on the morning of the 30th ult. Messrs. Slidell, Parrett and Stuart were transferred to the Alabama, and the Mississippi immediately sailed for the Brazos.

Mr. Slidell remained at Jalapa, till the 28th ult., at which time he had signified to the Mexican authorities, in his last communication to them, his intention of leaving, whether he received his passports or not. On the 27th the necessary documents arrived in the most formal language, dated at the city of Mexico, 21st ult., were directed to Mr. S. at Jalapa. Through some mistake they went to Vera Cruz, and from there were transmitted by sea to Tampico, and thence to Jalapa, which place they reached on the 28

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Small Bank Notes of specified Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, for which a liberal allowance is being accorded us.

They should always give names and time paid for. Postmasters must always state the Post Office county and State as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, O. H. Cleveland, T. Gardner Smith, W. T. Dent and H. T. Cassidy.*

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JNO. P. ROBINSON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, Washington Union, Washington, D. C.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alexandria, Virginia.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Trenton.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some misunderstanding exists on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid.

The Post Master writes the money (not enclosing the notes in a newspaper) on a piece of paper, and the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the name of the publication to which it is to be applied. The Post Master endorses and transmits it to the Post Master at the place of publication.

The Post Master writes that the money is deposited, a due to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties paying the money, and the subscription or advertising account for which it is deposited, to the Post Master at the place where the money is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to read and letter, but simply to state the fact of deposit, the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the money is to be paid.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Mechanic, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

To the Post Master at Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR—I have this day received from *John Mackey*, two dollars on account for the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*," with which I have charged myself in our account with the Post Office Department. Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

By the same mail as an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Mechanic, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

To the Post Master at Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR—I have this day received from *John Mackey*, two dollars on account for the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in our account with the Post Office Department. Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit the money in bank notes, or specie in payment of subscriptions, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for May*, is the most elegant number issued since February. "The May Queen," &c. is pretty and of a class that we like. The steel engraving portrait it is rare indeed that anything so fine as this is seen, having reached us before the publication of the article. Graham has done wonders this month. All the magazines are better than usual, but he deserves the credit of leading the van. We shall look for the magazine for quite a treasury men month, each one exceeding in excellence the preceding.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *for May*. Mr. Godey has purchased the subscription list of Arthur's Magazine, and has united the two works in one. The number for May is the second since the union. A beautiful steel engraving embellishes, and is called "The Sisters." A colored fashion plate. The fashion plate represents the costume of Philadelphia. The literary contents of the number are unusually good. Hereafter Mr. T. S. Arthur will be the associate editor of Mr. Godey.

The Boy Bereaved. *From the French of S. Henry Berthoud.* 12mo. *Boston: Jordan & Wiley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a pretty little story for young people. It is full of stirring incidents, and heartrending sympathies, and the personal ones begets, cleaner to and smile until finished.

Local Intelligence.

MILITARIANS COMMITTED TO JAIL.—The Barque Cactus arrived at this port last week, having in custody a part of her crew, viz.—John Harding, William Grimes, John Williams, Conrad Swan, Francis Lopez, Robert Brown, and John Adams, charged with mutiny on the high seas and the murder of Alvin A. Mason, second officer of the Barque. Their examination took place before his Honor Judge Randall, of the U. S. District Court, on Friday. As it was but an *ex parte* examination we do not deem it necessary to give particulars or making any comments calculated to prejudice the cases of the prisoners.

Only one witness, George H. Douglass, first officer of the barque, was called by the United States. Mr. Douglass stated that on the night of the 4th of May they were shipped at Trieste, which was at the vessel was on her way to the Mediterranean, they were taking in ballast, and the prisoners were under the mastery and conduct, and disobedient to the officers. Their conduct continued to get worse and worse until the second night of the 6th of February, three days sail from Gibraltar, when it broke out into open mutiny and defiance of the authority of the officers, and the murderous scenes that ensued. Grimes was the ringleader in the mutiny, and the first to strike the blow. He struck the mate, and refused to wash the deck when ordered.

He first assailed the Captain with a handspike, but the Mate, who was near, interfered, and he struck him a similar weapon to prevent his killing him. He then struck the second mate, and then Mr. Douglass. Harding, who killed the mate, struck him a second blow with the handspike upon the head, and he fell and killed him instantly on the deck. He had previously chased the Captain almost to the cabin door with the handspike, and succeeded in giving him a contusion made as he was in pursuit of Captain D. He afterwards turned upon Mr. Douglass with the handspike and the latter was at the gangway of the vessel. The appearance of the Captain with the pistol, caused William to beg for his life, and let go Mr. D., who fled to the cabin, where the Captain armed him. Mr. Mason, the murdered mate is spoken of as one of the most harmless young men on board the vessel.

The prisoners were fully contradicted in trial of the prisoners, and Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Wm. Smith, Engs., who appeared for the prisoners, argued the discharge of Adams, the cook, on the ground that there was no evidence that he was aiding or abetting in the mutiny. Mr. Douglass, in his testimony of Mr. Douglass showing that at the time the affray occurred he was in his gallery, and another said was in the cook house. The testimony showed the strong but correct ground that the cook seeing his officers murdered by the rest of the crew, and not participating in the murders, equally amenable with them for the crimes they committed. The discharge of this prisoner was therefore ordered by the Court. The Court declined taking bail in the case of any of the prisoners.

A CHANCE.—The United States Hotel for many years under the management of Mr. Jacob Haldeman, is about passing into the hands of M. B. Mitchell, Esq., well known in this city, and a merchants generally, as the late proprietor of the Union of Ewings & Mitchell. He will enter upon the proprietorship about the 1st of June next, is now receiving many additions and improvements. The house is one of the most central in the city, and the location of which the traveller will be pleased to find. Mr. Haldeman will continue to make it his home, and will be pleased to receive the acknowledgment of the friends of the house.

LARGE FIRE.—On Sunday morning about three o'clock, the extensive bay penning establishment of William F. Hughes, on Moyamensing Road below Christian street, Southwark, was totally destroyed by fire, with all the machinery, and a quantity of hay. The adjoining lumber yard of Albert Dodson & Co. also took fire, and a considerable quantity of boards was burned. The fence of the dwelling houses on the opposite side of Moyamensing Road were much blistered by the heat, and the paint on the window sashes came near being sufficed. The wind was high and the burning flakes were carried over the tops of the house to the Delaware, taking in their course numerous combustible buildings. Two buildings were set on fire, and one or two persons were employed in pieces of blazing shingles falling on them. The property was all covered by insurance. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

Since our paper of last week went to press news has been received of the arrival of Gen. Taylor and army on the Rio Grande. The first statement was, that on seeing the Mexican army drawn up on the opposite shore, he retired four miles down the river, and built the Fort Brown, where I had expected to have been favored by a gentleman of that city, with the following letter, which he has by his kindness sent to me, but owing to the lapse of the last of seven mechanical purposes, were destroyed by fire with the whole premises. The steel engraving of Mr. Robert Johnston's hammer and hatchet factory, and there is good reason to believe that it was the work of Mexican agents. The Newark Advertiser gave the following as the amounts of loss and insurance:—

Messrs. Holcenberg's on building and machinery $10,000 in $3,000 insurance in the Mechanics' Co., in New York; City $5,000, Williamsburgh Co., $1,000, and New York Trust Co. $2,500. Co. Hartford Ins. Co. $1,000—insured $500 Johnston's Hammer and Hatchet factory, and there is good reason to believe that it was the work of Mexican agents. The Newark Advertiser gave the following as the amounts of loss and insurance:—

Messrs. Holcenberg's on building and machinery $10,000 in $3,000 insurance in the Mechanics' Co., in New York; City $5,000, Williamsburgh Co., $1,000, and New York Trust Co. $2,500. Co. Hartford Ins. Co. Joseph Burroughs $2,000 to $1,000—insured $1,000 in Hartford Co. New York A. F. Schwab $6,000 to $7,000—insured $4,000 in the Union Ins. Co., at the New York office. Lewis & Lenden loss $1,000—no insurance. Cornelius Post, insured in the Union—loss not known.

A fire occurred at Southport, Wisconsin, on the 4th inst., which destroyed considerable property, including the office of the Telegraph. The buildings burned were Willis A. Cramer's store, insured for $3,000; a barber's shop, Dr. Jenk's house and office, Dr. Powers' office, C. S. Shales' boarding house and one dwelling house, and the Wisconsin's saddler shop, one shoemaker's shop, and several other buildings were injured. The fire broke out in the Telegraph office were partly saved.

The depots of the Providence, and Norwich and Worcester steamboat lines. Pier No. 2, North River New York, were burned on Thursday evening last. The steamboats were not at the wharf at the time, and the loss is only about $1,000.

Two woollen mills in Westerly were destroyed by fire on Tuesday night. Since the 1st of January twenty-two mills in New England, valued at from $30,000 to $70,000 each, have been destroyed by fire.

General News.

The New Orleans Delta of the 4th inst. states that a duel had been arranged in that city recently by heavy rains and a strong Northeast wind. On the 6th of the 11 o'clock, the water began to rise above the level of the greatest height of the flood of 1831, and still rising. The houses, yards and stables in the east end of the new city were all flooded, or isolated, and for two miles towards the city the canal had overflown its banks, leaving the houses at the distance to appear as if they were floating on the sea. The whole of St. Mary's and Hevia streets down to Phillips, including the House of Refuge and Work House were inundated—the water reaching within some few miles of Santiago, we were met by some Mexicans, who, seeing that we had a small flag, were permitted to parley, and turned out to be a delegation from Matamoras, (the purport I do not know,) and sent back with a flag of truce to the General, we discovered the houses at the point on the bay to be on fire immediately in our front. The fire continued to rage for an hour, when we landed greatly to shorten the interview, and our flag was returned with the information that the Mexican or French politeness. After landing our train with supplies, we joined the main army, and the first night encamped on the north and east bank of the Rio Grande, and expect a battle next moment. Last night the Mexicans threw up a battery on the opposite bank within the reach of us, paraded on the bank of the river opposite our own, we hear each other's voices and drums the one to the other. Different governments display their respective flags, (except ours,) if we have any here, that their residence is not known, and the next day, and, in short, if we don't have a fight this pop, I will only say, the Mexicans are afraid, and we don't know what we are about.

This may possibly be the last letter you will ever receive from me, for all depends upon the fate of the first few days' fighting, and we may be cut to pieces in hours or days, as at any moment their batteries may open upon us from the other side of the river. But for the last charge of affairs I will write to you if living.

Farewell, my dear brother, till you hear from me again. Give my love to all, and if it is my lot to fall I commend my memory to your affectionate kindness. I have only paid a debt I owed my country."

Things in Boston.

The Boston Journal of the 4th inst., says:—It is a remarkable fact, that at six o'clock last evening, there were seven persons in Boston jail, each awaiting his trial for murder, and the next ten hours or days, as at any moment their batteries may open upon us from the other side at the time for the first

Selected Poetry.

GENTLE WORDS.
A SONG.

Inscribed to Miss Julia S. Marshall.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the Summer time
Is beautiful to see,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the Sea;
But Gentle Words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp say even,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone!

The Sun may warm the Ocean to life,
The Dew the drooping Flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer sun,
And brighter than the Dew

It is not much the world can give,
With all its noble art,
And Gold or Gems are not the things
To merely the Heart;
But oh, if those who cluster 'round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is Earth!

Sketches of Life.

THE UNMARRIED PREACHER.

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYS.

The doings of the Lord," said Deacon Murphy, as he walked to church one Sabbath morning, with a newly-arrived member of their Association, "are truly wonderful. I only the doings of the Lord are marvellous in our eyes. Twelve months since, I should not have hesitated to say that such a thing was impossible—that God had predicted the change which has taken place with respect to religion among us, we seemed sunk in the gall of wickedness and the bond; feels at times but now praise be to God, the morning of His spirit is visible among them day house."

"I am pleased to hear so favorable a report of your village," said Mr. Linton. "As the father of a growing family, I am rejoiced that my children can enjoy the privilege of worshipping in a Christian community where the fear of God is still cherished among His followers. But it appears your community have not always been thus characterized; to what do you ascribe the great and happy change which has taken place?"

"To the presence of a real servant of the Lord," said Mrs. Murphy, speaking before her husband could open his lips; "to the presence of a man who is indeed and truth a Christian. Our old pastor, Mr. Black, had entirely worn out among us. I really think the man was destitute of experimental religion; his actions were so old fashioned, nothing seemed to prosper in his hands; and with his helpless wife and family, I must consider his removal from one parish a blessing."

"And who is this Brainerd or Swartz you have among you?" said Mr. Linton to whom, Susan had spoke. "I was totally unacquainted with his high reputation."

"He is a young man and the Deacon, who has been with us but a few months; but in that short space of time, you can have no conception of his wonderful awakening on the subject of religion. Girls who before thought of nothing but how to laugh, to talk, or sing, now have to be earnestly entreated to pray out of salvation, and women who have hitherto occupied their precious time in a round of giddy amusements now appear to be examining into the doctrines of grace as taught in the Gospel. Our Bible Society and Bible Associations have both been revived; the flourishing state of the Bible Class and Sabbath School, exceed our most sanguine expectations, and praise be to God, I have no complaint to make of the state of religion in our highly favored place.

To this passenger, Mr. Linton made no reply, but walked on with heightened interest and curiosity, to the small, neat country church. It was already more than half filled; and as group after group were gathered in, he looked with earnest look after no one was any with admiration, also) on the many young and handsome who crowded the pews. He noticed, too, that the countenances of each wore the appearance of placid seriousness as becoming the sanctuary of the Most High, and many more who were seated, a deep and holy quiet seemed to pervade the whole congregation. It was the interval of repose which always place before the solemn commencement of the services, and which appears so peculiarly suited for the laying aside of every worldly care, the stilling of each heaving thought and which should be employed by all to the utmost of their ability, in endeavoring to prepare in every instant a resting place for the Heavenly Dove which seems brooding among them.

At length the sacred Sabbath bell pealed forth its glad summons, and immediately after the preacher entered, and proceeding up the aisle with measured but graceful tread, ascended the pulpit. He was young, with tall elastic form dark intelligent eyes, and a high, pale forehead, shadowed by a mass of curls black hair his voice was deep and sonorous, and his gestures rapid but graceful; and when he commenced his address, every lovely eye seemed bent upon him with thrilling and expectant interest. Mr. Linton, too, had wrought himself into a perfect fit of enthusiasm, and he listened in rapture for the strains of empassioned eloquence which he expected would greet his ear. The young minister appeared to have selected a watchman upon the tower of Zion, and he spoke very, very well; he told his people of their duties to God and man—expressed himself in the most solemn given to religious subjects among them; exhorted those who had recently joined themselves to the people of the Lord, to fight the good fight, and hold fast to the hope set glowing over the conclusion, dismissed them with a fervent but common place prayer, for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

Mr. Linton's feeling at this moment was one of extreme disappointed; he had listened, but in vain, for anything new or unpleasing; he had hoped would entitle him (the speaker) to the high character for eloquence to which he aspired to attain. But he consoled himself immediately with the idea that this sermon was peculiar inferior to the generality. The young man," said he, mentally, "has deemed it his speaker under some disadvantages. I will not judge this time. But he soon obliged to change this opinion, by the audible exclamations from many fair lips, which reached his wondering ears as he intended for girls. "Beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Grand!" were echoed on all sides, and the old Deacon's wife a hearty "He not-ful himself to-day, in the truest sense, Mr. Linton, typical" an enviable divine cancel his popularity to something like that his praising.

Mrs. Thompson was a widow lady in rather similar circumstances, inhabiting with not marriageable daughters, a small house to the outskirts of the village of N——. Notwithstanding her income, however she had always managed to keep up appearances and love of her neighbors, it was very hospitable, had been hopefully converted under the ministry of the new preacher, Mr. Sandy, and as they were devoted to works of charity, and employed a great deal of their time in relieving the poor, and sick among them, they happened at this time to be great favorites among the good people of the village.

We will now take a peep into Mrs. Thompson's parlor, on a warm July afternoon, some weeks after the commencement of our story. Mrs Thompson herself was seated at a table in the centre of the room, busily engaged in cutting out some coarse garments, the raising very rapidly upon some subject apparently altogether foreign to her employment. The young ladies were grouped around, each engaged at some work of charity, and self denial, with the exception of one, who was idly stationed at the venetian blind through for the purpose (her) not appear at present.

"Ma, do stop talking one moment," said the eldest Miss Bertar. "I will to speak about something important, and that is past time. when I heard him preach, but about my do without curtain for me, and I can't be heard it in comfort for me to lay my head for the last time Mr. Sandy was here, he was actually more attentive to Alice than to any of us."

Well, child," said the old lady earnestly, and with surprise, "would it not be a sufficient matter of rejoicing, if we could even succeed in getting him for your sister?"

Now Alice was next to the youngest, and by far the prettiest of the whole family. She was a regular attendant at preaching—had professed to experience a change of heart—and, to do her justice had never harbored the idea of making a conquest of the young Minister; there were so many candidates in the field, she had never dreamed of being able to make an impression; therefore her sister's remark took her quite by surprise, and the blood having its origin in delight, which mounted to her very temples, had scarcely time to subside, when the young lady who was stationed at the window called out—

"There he has just come out of Linton's, and is crossing the street, and he is coming here as sure as the world is!"

"Now, girls," cried Mrs. Davenport, as she moved to the door to admit him, "be very much engaged at your work, and as you know you cannot see him, why endeavor to look your best, your Alice of it the best advantage."

Agreeably to this command, the head of each young lady was immediately bent to the work upon her lap, and Mr. Sandy was in the very midst of them before they were all aware of his approach, where he was recognized by a unanimous cry of delighted surprise.

"So pleasantly and positively employed as ever, my dear young ladies, I see," said he with a smile of somewhat pleasure as he entered.

"We can do but little, sir," said Miss Susan, as she eagerly offered him a chair; "but that little is done very cheerfully. I have, however, just been telling our poor Alice that she has exerted herself almost too much to-day she looks weary."

"I trust not weary of well doing, Miss Alice," said Mr. Sandy, with considerable archness; "but," added he quickly, still addressing her to whom his attention was then directed, "I am pleased you should be our own health; and I should be sorry to see any sun of my fair charge injure themselves can by their devotion to the interests of the poor."

"It would be difficult for us to become weary of well doing, my dear sir," returned Mrs. Davenport, crackling; "if we look in our pastor for example of the exertion he makes for the spiritual benefit of all our notwithstanding and my advice to his flock would be, to press forward in their well appointed lead."

"You over-rate my endeavors, madam," said the young Minister, casting a look with renewed interest and ardency with embarrassment at this flattery.

"Oh, not at all: not at all!" cried all the young ladies, one voice.

"We never knew," continued the mother, what it was to enjoy religious privileges till you came among us, and we feel that the flourishing state of all our institutions, at the number who have come out from among the people of the world, and proclaimed themselves on the side of the Lord; look at the situation at things now, and what they were six one who once, and you can scarcely recognize the same people, so far are they removed from their former state of coldness."

"You should give the glory to God, Mrs. Davenport," returned the young man, in a tone of slight displeasure, "not to our ownworthy as myself. I am far from taking the credit of any thing which has been done; for I very well know that I have not planted and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase."

"I admire humility," replied the lady, but instantly perceiving that enough had been said upon the subject at present, the sinfulness shaded her ground, and changed the theme to one which had lately come under their notice, and in which her daughters felt great interest.

"It is an old man," said she, "employed as a wood cutter, who was to undertake some time since to cut a quantity of logs broken by the fall of a line; his wife is extremely helpless, and they are burthened with a large family; among them a little girl who is lame, and for whom, Susan has been employed in making a jacket. We have done all we can to assist them, but I think the old man will be very glad, very much, if I may, although living in the very sound of the gospel, his soul is in worse than heathen darkness."

"It will afford me great pleasure," cried Mr. Sandy, whose sympathies were strongly awakened, "to call and converse with the poor man, especially as that I have been greatly deficient in this respect. It is the imperative duty of a Pastor, to make extensive inquiries as to the spiritual state of the flock intrusted and needy, in his immediate vicinity, and this I have totally neglected."

"Oh, sir, you have found a time among us, my dear sir," said Miss Susan, earnestly, "and have already been so fully occupied, that we are really to make inroads upon your leisure hours."

The listlessness and inattention, too apparent, surprised and grieved him, and on returning to the solitude of his own chamber, he resolved that he not to attribute it to the most persons of a gay company of young officers and soldiers, who gained and kept their attention by the most trifling subject, a cheerful and unmeaning smile, and unmeaning laugh, and who had at first shocked his pure pious and humble mind; and when, after a lengthened visit he left the house, he could not refrain from making the varied opinion of his own importance, and in company with Miss Alice, who volunteered to direct him as far on the road to the cottage of Jones.

"I think I managed to admiration, to-day, girls," said Mrs Davenport, as the door closed on their retiring visitors. "He looked very much as if he were complacently to his own praises that he did when he first came to N——, and I really thought for a square sister tact to flatter a man of discernment, and this I must say I think we all possess in an eminent degree."

"If Alice only plays her card well," said Miss Lizzy, who being extremely homely, and, moreover, great in age to Miss Alice, was full of envy and spite herself. "if Alice only plays her card well, I really think she may get Mr. Sandy, for to tell the truth, I am quite as in the eminent state of the favor of the preacher as she is, and I am sure I have been pleased with her that with any of us."

And then for hours, would this amiable mother and family converse upon the agreeable, and form plans for the future, for their views were wholly selfish: and although they could converse fluently upon religious subjects, being altogether destitute of real piety, their whole aim appeared to be, to do their duty to their fellow men, and by these and other means equally insincere and hypocritical, to bring about a desired end. Yet in this they were not altogether unsuccessful, for Mr. Sandy, who at first view justifies the means, and if that object is the advancement of their own interests, how few pause to calculate the end! Mr. Sandy, I say, in his sincerity may be retarded by the course they pursue. Mr. Sandy was simple and unsophisticated, wholly free from the common resolves them into his heavenly peace of mind was fast departing, he felt anxious for the case of Master. He was conscious, however, that his thoughts more frequently reverted to lamented than was wont yet he could assign no cause for the unpleasant change: it was impossible that he could be flattery, for the praises in which he heartily listened were but the promptings of unbiased love, and although they sometimes embarrassed him, their motives were so pure that he could not censure.

Ah! had he possessed the table mirror, with what shame and affright would he have shrunk from that delusion which so blinded his mind!

"Mamma," cried Cornelia Allan as she came in from church one Sabbath, and advanced to the mistress of the house, "do you know that Mr. Sandy has landed to-day?" "I really have a serious notion of joining the church."

Now Mrs. Allan herself had been for several years a member in very good standing she went regularly to meeting and to the sacrament twice yearly, and at the head of the tea, contributed liberally to every charitable subscription presented to her, there was nothing wanting in the exterior of her life and conduct with the exception of her excessive indulgence, and as the Sabbath in question was extremely warm, and the distance to the church great, her mother was sure that he could not consent.

"I hope you will not make some day, my dear, but I trust from a better motive."

"I never heard a better," echoed Cornelia, who as she was the prettiest girl in N——— and an only and spoiled child, chose to consider everything she wished a good motive, and therefore, as she generally had a better chance to succeed, half the girls have already relied on his very account, and pray, mamma, do let me go to church to-day, for I do not like to be left by themselves from you."

"You are a naughty girl, Cornelia," said Mrs. Allan, fanning herself more violently.

"I am serious, I declare, mamma," returned the young lady, pouting, "I hear there is a great company with several fine officers attached to it about taking possession of the old fort; if this report is correct, well and good, I shall remain as I am, but if it should prove unfounded, you may depend upon my becoming serious; I will not be the only black sheep in the flock, and just shall see I will put bear off the palm, and win the heart of Mr. Sandy."

"Cornelia, and Mrs. Allan, now seriously displeased, "Mr. Sandy is an entire stranger to you—we were ignorant of his existence until his arrival among us, and he has always resided at a great distance; he may, for all you know, be engaged; do not be so silly."

"Mamma, manner have mercy, decide not hesitate me a thing, said Cornelia, interrupting her, and assuming at the same time an attitude of the most affected alarm and affright, that, to avoid parties fusing in her mirth, Mrs. Allan was obliged to get up and leave the room. And perhaps it was well for Cornelia Allan, that she had not earlier resolved to play the hypocrite, for on the next Sabbath Mr. Sandy surprised the congregation that for the first time, beheld his pulpit vacant, by not preaching. The notice, at it was entirely unexpected of the Deacon, created a great sensation in the minds of the new and zealous members felt that it would be impossible to spare him, even for this length of time; but as he appointed another in his room, and left in his place, and as no reasonable excuse for denying his request could be alleged, he prepared for his departure, amid the tender professions of regard and affection accompanied by the kindest wishes of his numerous friends. And we will not say here many fair and tearful eyes watched, as it lessened in the distance, the coach that contained his cherished form; and slowly rolled around those three weary days of the week, before one whom he was to meet him," groaned Miss Susan Davenport.

"Yes," cried Cornelia Allan, to whom this sentence was addressed, almost loud enough for her ears, and," added she, "how applicable to your case is that beautiful line in Bishop Heber's address to his bride: 'I miss thy kind beseeching eyes, thy speaking smile before me,' for I understand, your quarter was a favorite resort of our young ministers."

At this remark, Miss Davenport did her utmost, without succeeding, to get up a temper, and a blush, and hastily despising the concert she effected to call Cecelia, Cornelia again touched the key with more skill and song, with considerable archness—

"A soul that well might soar above
To earth and lowly things,
And build their hopes on human love,
Or gilded worldly rings."

But at length the wished for period arrived when the expecting congregation were to hail the return of their beloved pastor, and as he had declined all the many youthful hearts which fluttered at the pleasing anticipation, nor say how often the dial, and how often the clock in the neighborhood were consulted on the memorable afternoon, but true to its time, the stage coach did at length wind into N———.

Mr. Sandy really had arrived, and, to the other horror and consternation of half the population of N——, was accompanied by a young and beautiful wife! From his old hostess, whose three unmarried daughters had recently consoled themselves with the church, and who had therefore assumed the first to welcome him, in the surprise and agony of the moment, rushed in the first flow of her feelings, and prayed and Angelina water, but God alone can give the increase.

"I admire humility," replied the lady, but instantly perceiving that enough had been said upon the subject at present, the sinfulness shaded her ground, and changed the theme to one which had lately come under their notice, and in which her daughters felt great interest.

"It is an old man," said she, "employed as a wood cutter, who was to undertake some time since to cut a quantity of logs broken by the fall of a line; his wife is extremely helpless, and they are burthened with a large family; among them a little girl who is lame, and for whom, Susan has been employed in making a jacket. We have done all we can to assist them, but I think the old man will be very glad, very much, if I may, although living in the very sound of the gospel, his soul is in worse than heathen darkness."

"It will afford me great pleasure," cried Mr. Sandy, whose sympathies were strongly awakened, "to call and converse with the poor man, especially as that I have been greatly deficient in this respect. It is the imperative duty of a Pastor, to make extensive inquiries as to the spiritual state of the flock intrusted and needy, in his immediate vicinity, and this I have totally neglected."

"Oh, sir, you have found a time among us, my dear sir," said Miss Susan, earnestly, "and have already been so fully occupied, that we are really to make inroads upon your leisure hours are too hard for you. It is impossible you could so early learn the situation of all the poor in the neighborhood, and I beg you will not approach yourself on this account."

At this rhapsody, Mr. Sandy smiled, but made no reply; he imagined himself flattery, but he did not therefore have the mortification of knowing that it was what had at first shocked his pure pious and humble mind; and when, after a lengthened visit he left the house, he could not refrain from making the varied opinion of his own importance, and in company with Miss Alice, who volunteered to direct him as far on the road to the cottage of Jones.

"I think I managed to admiration, to-day, girls," said Mrs Davenport, as the door closed on their retiring visitors. "He looked very much as if he were complacently to his own praises that he did when he first came to N——, and I really thought for a square sister tact to flatter a man of discernment, and this I must say I think we all possess in an eminent degree."

"If Alice only plays her card well," said Miss Lizzy, who being extremely homely, and, moreover, great in age to Miss Alice, was full of envy and spite herself. "if Alice only plays her card well, I really think she may get Mr. Sandy, for to tell the truth, I am quite as in the eminent state of the favor of the preacher as she is, and I am sure I have been pleased with her that with any of us."

And then for hours, would this amiable mother and family converse upon the agreeable, and form plans for the future, for their views were wholly selfish: and although they could converse fluently upon religious subjects, being altogether destitute of real piety, their whole aim appeared to be, to do their duty to their fellow men, and by these and other means equally insincere and hypocritical, to bring about a desired end. Yet in this they were not altogether unsuccessful, for Mr. Sandy, who at first view justifies the means, and if that object is the advancement of their own interests, how few pause to calculate the end! Mr. Sandy, I say, in his sincerity may be retarded by the course they pursue. Mr. Sandy was simple and unsophisticated, wholly free from the common resolves them into his heavenly peace of mind was fast departing, he felt anxious for the case of Master. He was conscious, however, that his thoughts more frequently reverted to lamented than was wont yet he could assign no cause for the unpleasant change: it was impossible that he could be flattery, for the praises in which he heartily listened were but the promptings of unbiased love, and although they sometimes embarrassed him, their motives were so pure that he could not censure.

Ah! had he possessed the table mirror, with what shame and affright would he have shrunk from that delusion which so blinded his mind!

"Mamma," cried Cornelia Allan as she came in from church one Sabbath, and advanced to the mistress of the house, "do you know that Mr. Sandy has landed to-day?" "I really have a serious notion of joining the church."

Now Mrs. Allan herself had been for several years a member in very good standing she went regularly to meeting and to the sacrament twice yearly, and at the head of the tea, contributed liberally to every charitable subscription presented to her, there was nothing wanting in the exterior of her life and conduct with the exception of her excessive indulgence, and as the Sabbath in question was extremely warm, and the distance to the church great, her mother was sure that he could not consent.

"I hope you will not make some day, my dear, but I trust from a better motive."

"I never heard a better," echoed Cornelia, who as she was the prettiest girl in N——— and an only and spoiled child, chose to consider everything she wished a good motive, and therefore, as she generally had a better chance to succeed, half the girls have already relied on his very account, and pray, mamma, do let me go to church to-day, for I do not like to be left by themselves from you."

"You are a naughty girl, Cornelia," said Mrs. Allan, fanning herself more violently.

"I am serious, I declare, mamma," returned the young lady, pouting, "I hear there is a great company with several fine officers attached to it about taking possession of the old fort; if this report is correct, well and good, I shall remain as I am, but if it should prove unfounded, you may depend upon my becoming serious; I will not be the only black sheep in the flock, and just shall see I will put bear off the palm, and win the heart of Mr. Sandy."

"Cornelia, and Mrs. Allan, now seriously displeased, "Mr. Sandy is an entire stranger to you—we were ignorant of his existence until his arrival among us, and he has always resided at a great distance; he may, for all you know, be engaged; do not be so silly."

"Mamma, manner have mercy, decide not hesitate me a thing, said Cornelia, interrupting

settled in Rhode Island; and on the South side of Long Island, whose descendants enjoy among us a respectability more the result of their own merit than that of their ancestors.

Succeeding was peculiarly the result of the provisions of the cession of Portugal and Spain. The Duke of Braganza of Austria, had, under the authority of a bull of Pope Alexander VI, divided between themselves all the newly discovered lands in the West Indies, and the coast of other powers. France, England, and the Netherlands, the only remaining maritime nations, remained at a great disadvantage, which, while it excluded them, weakened the power of their usurping neighbors. When inhabitants of the countries sent in the West Indies, all difficulties between their Princes at home were forgotten, and they banded together under the assumed name of "Guards of the Coast," against the common victims, the Spaniards. Those nations even encouraged it by granting letters of marque and reprisal, without requiring process of condemnation of prizes, or otherwise regulating their exercise. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake took the city of Saint Domingo; and Lancaster, who commanded the first expedition of the English to the East Indies, had remembered himself to find command in an expedition to attack on Pernambuco, in 1594. When complaint was made of transactions of this kind, by the Spanish ambassador, Queen Elizabeth said that the Spaniards had predicted that state of things by their injustice, and that she did not understand how it was that her subjects, or those of any other Sovereign Prince, should be debarred from trading to the West Indies, but that they were under penalty, punished, as in the case of Clinton and Purser, who were hanged at Wapping during her reign.

While the buccaneers were thus ravaging the commerce of the West Indies, others were similarly engaged on the coast of Africa, and in the Indian Ocean. Captain Thomas Tew, a native of New York, was one of the most daring and successful. After acquiring a fortune in this vocation, he retired to Rhode Island, where he was peculiarly induced to return to his old mode of life, and to the old scenes of his piracies. He was finally shot in engagement with a ship of the Great Mogul, having his belly so torn that he held his bowels in his hands. Another was Captain Avery, an Englishman, who, after robbing the Indian ships falsified the old adage, of "honor among thieves," by seizing the ship of his partner. He never regained a portion of his crew, first to Boston, then to England. He met with no better fortune in the end and the old story repeated itself. He never more be entrusted his gold and gems, chested him in turn, and prevented him from reclaiming his property through the courts.

These pirates of the Indian seas, had their retreats in the Island of Madagascar, where many were said to have settled, and formed connections with the dusky daughters of that clime, imitated the habits of Eastern Princes, erecting walled cities, and keeping well filled seraglios, and raising a hybrid progeny, who were accidentally to be found in after years.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

A Beautiful Poem.

A SNOW-DROP.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

How shall I greet the snow drop,
The angel of the year,
Shall hope again come with a smile,
Or memory with a tear?

Calm messenger from Heaven,
That never knew a sin,
The veil on all is still without
If all be well within.

Above thee, in the twilight,
The robin sits and sings,
He hears thy bells chiming for Spring,
And asks no other news.

Or, never ending Children,
Oh, everlasting love,
Is this a dream returned from Heaven,
Or I in Heaven above?

I see my little garden
Beside the old rectory,
The hawthorn hedge, the yew tree,
And all the well within.

Above thee, in the twilight,
The robin sits and sings,
I hear the bells chiming for Spring,
And ask no other news.

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